DARE YOU MEET THE HULK? HE'S WAITING INSIDE!

7d

# SMASH!

No. 29
20th AUG. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

## BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BAT versus THE JOKER

THAT INCREDIBLE CROOK THE JOKER SNEAKS OUT FROM WAYNE MANOR TO ROB A BANK. BUT WILL HE GET BACK IN TIME TO FOOL BATMAN?

THE BATMOBILE ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT AT THE LEGAL SPEED LIMIT...

ONLY WAY TO PROVE IF IT WAS THE JOKER WHO ROBBED THE BANK---

---IS TO SEE IF HE'S STILL IN HIS ROOM AT STATELY WAYNE MANOR!

AND I SAY HE WON'T BE THERE! ONCE A CROOK ALWAYS A CROOK!

EASY, CHUM! IF THAT WERE TRUE, THERE'D BE NO POINT IN MAINTAINING CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS!

BACK IN THE ULTRA-SECRET BATCAVE...

LET'S RUSH UPSTAIRS AND SEE IF THAT JOKER CHARACTER IS IN HIS ROOM--- WHICH I DOUBT!

HOLD IT, PAL!

SCREECH!

MIGHTN'T HE THINK IT RATHER ODD FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN TO BE IN STATELY WAYNE MANOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

YOU'RE RIGHT AS USUAL! WE'D BETTER SWITCH TO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON!

TSK! THE DELAY MAY BE FATAL, FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

MEANWHILE, A MILE AHEAD OF THE BAFFELING BATMOBILE---

HA! WHAT A SUPERB ALIBI! THAT IDIOT BRUCE WAYNE WILL SWEAR I'VE NEVER LEFT THE MANOR! HOHO!

NOW TO HIDE MY HILARIOUS HORSE IN THE HEDGE AND HIE MYSELF BACK TO MY HABITAT!

TURN OVER—QUICK!

FREE!

TO SMASHERS LIKE YOU! A FAB HULK SWEATSHIRT!

GET WITH IT—INSIDE!

© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1966.

THE JOKER CLIMBS STEALTHILY TOWARD HIS ATTIC ROOM IN WAYNE MANOR...

♫ I'LL A MILLION DOLLARS IN MY BAG! WHAT A LOVELY LOAD OF SWAG! HOHO! ♫

WHILE INSIDE THE MANOR...

DO YOU HEAR SING-ING?!

POSSIBLY THE JOKER'S BEDSIDE RADIO!

♫♫♫

HOLY SUSPENSE, BRUCE! OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE IF HE'S IN THERE!!

NO, DICK. EVEN A REFORMED FELON IS ENTITLED TO A MODICUM OF PRIVACY. I'LL KNOCK!

BUTLER

(YAWN) YOU KNOCKED, MR WAYNE, SIR? IS SOMETHING AMISS?

WHY... ER... NO, JOKER...

WE... ER... THOUGHT WE SMELLED SMOKE.

I DO NOT SMOKE, YOUNG SIR. NEITHER DO I INDULGE IN SPIRITOUS BEVERAGES. CONDITIONS OF MY PAROLE, YOU KNOW.

© National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966

GLAD TO SEE YOU TAKING YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES SERIOUSLY, JOKER. GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

I'LL BET MY BEST BATROPE THAT CROOK STILL HASN'T REFORMED!

LOOKS LIKE ROBIN IS RIGHT ON THE BALL! BUT CAN HE PROVE THE JOKER'S DASTARDLY DEEDS?

Distributed by The [illegible]

JOKER TO LAUGHING GIRL! ALIBI WORKED PERFECTLY! WHERE IS RINGER? OVER!

EXACTLY 14.2 MILES AWAY, IN AN EXCLUSIVE GOTHAM CITY HOTEL...

LAUGHING GIRL TO JOKER. HIM SHOULD BE CLIMBING IN WINDOW ANY MOON NOW! OVER AND OUT! UGH!

AHA! RINGER! ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE!

DON'T CLIMB AS GOOD AS I USED TO, BOSS! BUT THE MAKE-UP IS STILL PRETTY GOOD, HUH?

TWO JOKERS?! LOOKS LIKE DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN! (DON'T GO AWAY!)

BUT, JOKER --- WHAT IF I GET CAUGHT FILLING IN FOR YOU AS BUTLER HERE IN STATELY WAYNE MANOR?

THEY'LL SIMPLY TAKE YOU BACK TO PRISON TO FINISH MY STRETCH!

---WHICH WOULD CERTAINLY BE BETTER THAN MY HAVING TO DO IT!

SURE, JOKER ---THAT MAKES SENSE!

AND I WILL BE FREE TO PURSUE MY PRIMARY PURPOSE --- THE DESTRUCTION OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!

I GET CHILLS JUST THINKIN' ABOUT IT!

WOOOSH!

DIRE DANGER AHEAD FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO! CAN THEY TAKE IT? CAN YOU??? TRY— NEXT WEEK!

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Magazine Post to Canada (including Newfoundland). SMASH!, printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates Inland 12 months 43/-; abroad (including Canada) 12 months 39/-. Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8/9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

# Percy's Pets

EEK! PERCY'S MOTHS ARE FEEDING ON MY BEST LINEN!

GRR! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU!

BLIMEY! MUM'S GOING MAD!

MY NECKLACE HAS BROKEN! I'VE LOST ALL THE BEADS! PERCY— GET THOSE HORRIBLE MOTHS OUT OF THE HOUSE AT ONCE!

YES, I WILL!

JEEPERS! PERCY'S MUM'S MAKING HIM GET RID OF US!

HAVEN'T YOU GOT RID OF THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS YET, PERCY?

ER—THEY'RE DIFFICULT TO CATCH, MUM..

I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF THEM— FAST!

WHAT IS SHE GOING TO DO NOW?

THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!

PHEWWW! I'M PUFFED OUT!

WE'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE!

SUCK

SUCK

WHEN YOU CAN'T BEAT IT— JOIN IT!

CHEERIO, READERS!

THAT'S GOT RID OF THEM!

I'LL EMPTY THE DUST BAG FOR YOU, MUM!

WE'LL CHOKE TO DEATH IN HERE!

THIS DUST STUFF TASTES AWFUL!

ATISHOO!

I'M JUST IN TIME — THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!

AH— LOVELY FRESH AIR!

MUM'S BEADS!

MY BEADS! I DIDN'T THINK I'D SEE THEM AGAIN!

YOU CAN THANK MY MOTHS FOR THAT, MUM!

NOW SHE'S GOT HER BEADS BACK, MUM DOESN'T MIND MY MOTHS!

CURRIED CUSHION COVERS!

BEST MEAL I'VE HAD IN WEEKS!

YUMMY!

# BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

..A MAN WHO FOUND AN OLD LETTER IN HIS ATTIC GOT £73,000 FOR THE STAMP ON THE ENVELOPE... AND THAT IS THE END OF THE NEWS!

GOSH!

OUTSIDE...

I'LL SWOP YOU A FRENCH COLONIAL FOR A TEN CENT U.S.A., TOM.

O.K., JIMMY, I'LL SWOP.

STAMP ALBUM

HEH! HEH! NOT SWOP— I'LL HAVE THESE!

HELP! IT'S PENNY!!

YEEOWL!

CRUNCH!

HEH! HEH! THERE MIGHT BE UNDISCOVERED RARE STAMPS IN THESE BOOKS! WHO KNOWS?

OOH! OOH! MY FOOT!

WOTTA ROTTA!

STOP! ROTTEN THIEF! STOP!!

BOOT WAREHOUSE

I'LL UNSCREW THIS WITH MY PENKNIFE!

SMITH BOOT CO. LTD.

BOOT WAREHOUSE

HEH! HEH! THERE'S A STAMP FOR YOU!

SMITH BOOT CO. LTD.

CRUNCH!

AAGH!

LATER...

PENNY'S DEN

KETTLE

THERE SHE IS! GRAB HER, TOMMY!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

PENNY'S WINDOW BOX

WATCH THIS FOR A TOUCH OF THE JAMES BOND 'E' SNIGGER!

BZZP!

TENT

CRUMP!

AAGH!

PYOING!

SPLAT!

YEOW!

HEE! HEE! THEY WANT SOME STAMPS! WELL THERE'S A COUPLE OF FOURPENNY ONES! HO! HO!

BASH HER! GURR! GNASH! CHARGE!

SPLOOSH!!

AIEE!

SQUIRT!

HEH! HEH! I FORGOT THE WATER-MARKS FOR THOSE FOURPENNY STAMPS! THERE YOU ARE!

CRAFTY KEYHOLE!

GRRR! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT! WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET!

OH, NO?

WHUMPH!

HEE! HEE! THAT BIG STAMP FELL ON THEM! I'VE GOT THE-ER— STAMP HINGES! HEE! HEE!

AAARGH!

HEH! HEH! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME UP HERE!

BUT DOWN IN PENNY'S HUT...

?

SNEEZING POWDER!

WE'LL SOON SHIFT THAT PENNY!

DRINKA PINTA MILKA!

TWITCH!

TWITCH!

SNIFF!

WAIT FOR IT!!!

A-A-A

HO! HO! GOOD OLD ELIZA! SHE'S SNEEZED— JUST LIKE WE THOUGHT!

CHOO!

AAGH!

STAMP ALBUM

STAMP ALBUM

CHOO!

HELP! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WITH ALL THE CLEVER IDEAS!

STING!

STING!

PENNY'S NETTLES

PLOP!

THANKS, PENNY! MUCH OBLIGED!

GRRR! NO MORE STAMP-COLLECTING FOR ME!

DRINKA PINTA MILKA!

HO! HO! LOOK, TOMMY! A RARE PENNY BLACK! HEE! HEE!

HEH! HEH! WOULDN'T GIVE TWOPENCE FOR IT! SERVES HER RIGHT!

# THE RUBBER MAN!

BULLETS, HIGH-VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY— THEY CAN'T HARM A MAN MADE OF **RUBBER!** BUT **FIRE!** THAT'S **DIFFERENT!** AND THAT'S WHY AGENTS OF SINISTER DOCTOR FEAR HAVE LOCKED **RUBBERMAN** AND REPORTER NAT TRACY IN A DERELICT NEW YORK BUILDING... **WHICH THEY INTEND TO BURN TO THE GROUND....**

WE CAN'T GET OUT! IT WOULD TAKE A SLEDGE-HAMMER TO SHIFT THESE BOARDS!

THERE'S A COP DOWN THERE! BUT HE CAN'T HEAR US YELLING TO HIM OVER THE ROAR OF THE TRAFFIC!

RUBBERMAN EASES AN ARM THROUGH A GAP BETWEEN THE BOARDS—

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM UP HERE, **FAST!**

YOU DON'T AIM TO **CRAWL OUT** OF HERE, DO YOU?

**KEEP MOVING!** YOU'RE CAUSING A TRAFFIC JAM!.... EH? **WHO'S THAT?**

WE'VE **GOT** TO ATTRACT THAT POLICE-MAN'S ATTENTION!

TOOT!

HOOT!

AS OFFICER O'MALLEY TURNS...

IT'S OKAY! IT MUST BE **RUBBERMAN** UP THERE!

AND WHO'S TAPPING ON THE..... **UUUGGHH!**

PATRICK O'MALLEY'S IRISH TEMPER DOES THE REST...

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S THE **PRESIDENT UP THERE!** NO ONE CLOBBERS PAT O'MALLEY ON THE BEAN AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

SECONDS LATER...

THE PLACE IS **ON FIRE!**

**GET US OUT OF HERE! WE'VE BEEN BOLTED IN!**

I'M GOING TO CALL FOR THE FIRE BRIGADE! THEN WE'LL BE AFTER SETTLING A LITTLE BUSINESS BETWEEN US, MISTER RUBBERMAN —DOWN AT THE STATION!

BUT DOCTOR FEAR'S KILLER-AGENTS HAVE BEEN WAITING TO SEE THE SUCCESS OF THEIR PLAN..

THAT DUMB COP! HE GOT THEM OUT OF THERE!

THE BOSS TOLD US TO BRING IN THE NEWSPAPER GUY. **LET'S DO IT!**

THEN...

**LOOK OUT, NAT!** THAT CAR IS... **UUUUHHHH!**

**GRAB HIM!**

SIT TIGHT AND BEHAVE YOURSELF, WRITER-BOY! THIS IS A **GUN** I'M POINTING AT YOU!

**LOOK!** THAT CAR HITS HIM – AND HE STARTS **BOUNCING LIKE A RUBBER BALL!**

THE GETAWAY CAR REACHES THE WATERFRONT...

YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP, KID! BUT TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE – YOU'D BETTER NOT SEE **WHERE!**

**UUUUUHHH!**

AN HOUR LATER, NAT FINDS HIMSELF FACING DOCTOR FEAR...

PERHAPS YOU ARE SCARED ALREADY, MY FRIEND! BUT, BELIEVE ME, THAT IS **NOTHING!** YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE TERROR, FAR, **FAR** WORSE THAN THE **BLACKEST NIGHTMARE!**

**STRAP HIM IN THE CABINET!**

THE STRANGE CABINET HUMS – THEN, FOR NAT TRACY, **THE ORDEAL OF FEAR** BEGINS...

THE NIGHTMARE GROWS WORSE – AND WORSE...

**NO! NO! NO!**

THEN...

HIS MIND HAS BEEN BATTERED, BRUISED, NUMBED! NOW I WILL PUT IN ITS PLACE **ANOTHER** MIND! A MIND THAT WILL DO **MY BIDDING!**

UNFORTUNATELY WE CANNOT SPARE THE TIME TO **PERMANENTLY** REPLACE HIS MIND WITH THE MIND OF A **WILLING SLAVE!** BUT THE EFFECTS WILL LAST LONG ENOUGH **FOR HIM TO DESTROY RUBBERMAN!**

THE ACID IS HERE, MASTER, ONCE IT IS SPLASHED UPON RUBBERMAN **NO COUNTER-ACID KNOWN TO MAN** WILL STOP ITS DEADLY WORK!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

**NAT!** THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

LET ME IN! I-HAVE SOMETHING TO-TO TELL YOU!

AS RUBBERMAN CLOSES THE DOOR OF HIS HOTEL ROOM...

**KAPOW!**

COME IN? OF COURSE YOU CAN... **UUUUUUUUGH!**

**IS YOUR HAIR STANDING ON END YET? DON'T WORRY, IT WILL BE NEXT WEEK!**

# Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR FIDDLE PRACTISE, CHARLIE!

I HATE FIDDLING!

SCRAPE!

SCREECH!

NUH! I'LL HAVE A QUICK LOOK AT THE TELLY! IT MIGHT CHEER ME UP!

HALLO, BOY! THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING FIDDLE YOU'VE GOT THERE!

COO! IT'S NERO— THAT ROMAN BLOKE! HE'S GETTING OUT OF THE TELLY!

NO! NO! GOOD OLD NERO! MUM WILL THINK IT'S ME! I'LL NIP OUT TO PLAY FOR A WHILE!

DOOTING TOOROOT!

BURNING BONG!

HELP! WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S BURNING? WHAT'S THAT CLOT DOING?

OH, NO! I CLEAN FORGOT! HE'S THE TWIT WHO FIDDLED WHILE ROME BURNED! AND NOW HE'S LETTING MY WASTE-PAPER BASKET GO UP IN FLAMES!

HELP! WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHERE DID ME COME FROM?

IT'S MUM! I'M FOR IT NOW!

THERE! THAT'S PUT IT OUT—NOW TO FIND OUT WHO STARTED IT!

HELP! MY LOVELY FIRE! THAT WENCH HAS PUT IT OUT! SHE CAN'T DO THAT!

GRR! BY JUPITER, I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN TO THE LIONS, WOMAN! PUT OUT MY BLAZE, WOULD YOU?

HELP! HELP! POLICE!

OH, HECK! WHAT'S ON THE OTHER CHANNEL? I MUST GET SOME HELP FOR MUM!

HALLO, CHARLIE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

IT'S MATT DILLON! JUST THE BLOKE I NEED!

NO! NO! THAT'S THE IDEA, MATT! ROPE IN THAT MAD ROMAN BEFORE HE CATCHES UP WITH MUM!

HELP!

THAT'S NOT NERO! THAT'S P.C. PUNCH! GULP! YOU'VE ROPED THE WRONG BLOKE, MATT! YOU NEVER DO THAT ON THE TELLY!

SORRY, CHARLIE! I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

STOP! COME BACK IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU TWO SCOUNDRELS!

ERK!

WHEEEE!

MATT! YOU'VE GOT HIM AGAIN!

AAGH!

CRUNCH!

OUF!

WOW! WE GOT NERO, MATT!

RIGHT, ME LAD! I'LL HAVE YOUR NAME FIRST, I CAN'T ALLOW FOLK TO GO RUNNING ABOUT IN THEIR NIGHTSHIRTS!

CRACK!

ERK!

BURBLING BRITON! WE ROMANS ARE YOUR MASTERS— AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT, YOU SERF!

FASTER! FASTER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! BACK TO THE TELLY AT THE DOUBLE BEFORE MUM COMES OUT OF HIDING AND SEES US!

THAT'S IT! IN YOU GET, AND HURRY!

YEH! HURRY UP, YOU FAT NITWIT, WE'VE GOT TO CHANGE CHANNELS FOR ME!

HO! HO! NERO HAD HIS USES! AT LEAST I CAN'T PLAY THIS HORRIBLE FIDDLE NOW!

# THE Fantastic FOUR meet THE HULK!

YOU'VE MET THE ***INCREDIBLE HULK.*** YOU'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO THE ***FANTASTIC FOUR.*** BUT NOW THE ***HULK*** AND THE ***FANTASTIC FOUR*** MEET— AND SUCH AN ENCOUNTER CAN END ONLY ONE WAY!— IN THE SORT OF KING-SIZED ADVENTURE YOU ONLY DREAM ABOUT! BUT THIS IS NO DREAM. GET THOSE EYES WIDE OPEN, ***FOR THE ACTION STARTS RIGHT NOW!***

AS A WELL-DRESSED, SOPHISTICATED AUDIENCE LEAVES THE CITY SYMPHONY AUDITORIUM, NONE SUSPECT THE FAMOUS FIGURE WHO IS IN THEIR MIDST!
OH, BEN... WASN'T BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SYMPHONY YOU'VE EVER HEARD?
IF YOU SAY SO, KID! PERSONALLY, I GET MY KICKS FROM LOW-DOWN NEW ORLEANS JAZZ!

HEY!

LOOK OUT WHO YOU'RE POKIN'!

DON'T RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME, MY GOOD MAN I WAS MERELY TRYING TO SEE THOSE TROOPS, AND- ULP! A A MONSTER!

OH, NOW YOU'RE INSULTIN' ME ALSO, HUH?

BEN- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

HERE! YA WANNA SEE THE SOLDIER BOYS?! TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

DID YOU SEE THAT CHARACTER LIFT THAT GUY UP LIKE HE WAS A FEATHER ??

AND HE PUT HIM DOWN AGAIN GENTLE AS A LAMB!

HEY! HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR!

SURROUND HIM!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

BEN! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

STAY BACK, ALICIA-- I'LL HANDLE IT!

CAREFUL OF THE GIRL-- IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BLIND!

HOLY HANNAH! HE TORE THAT HYDRANT CLEAN OUT OF THE STREET!

ARE YOU GUYS ALL NUTS?!

LET'S RUSH 'UM!

BRUSHING HIS ATTACKER CARELESSLY ASIDE, THE MIGHTY THING HURLS HIMSELF UPON THE POWERFUL JET OF WATER CAUSING IT TO SPRAY IN ALL DIRECTIONS WITH CONCENTRATED FORCE, SCATTERING THE NEARBY TROOPS!

MAYBE THIS'LL COOL YOU GUYS OFF!

QUICK! NAIL HIM WITH THAT SPECIALLY PREPARED BAZOOKA POINT BLANK RANGE!

NOW! WHILE HE'S IN THE OPEN!

OKAY-- WHO ELSE IS LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BUT SOMEBODY BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION PRETTY DURN QUICK!

WHAT'S THAT ??!

GOOD SHOT! A DIRECT H'T!

THOSE SPECIAL FLEXIBLE STEEL BANDS OUGHT TO HOLD HIM!

THEY GOT ME ALL HOG-TIED!

WELL, I AIN'T GONNA STAY THIS WAY!

WHAT DO THEY THINK THEY'RE DOIN'... PLAYIN' WITH KIDS?!

ALL RIGHT WISE GUYS, THE FUN'S OVER! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO START GETTIN' ROUGH!

HE BROKE THE STEEL BANDS HE'S ATTACKING!

STEADY- THESE GAS SHELLS WILL STOP ANYTHING THAT LIVES.!

WE DID IT! HE'S STAGGERING! UP HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN!

DROP THOSE WEAPONS! SERGEANT, RECALL YOUR MEN! YOU'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

MINUTES LATER ..

BEN! OH, BEN, MY DARLING --ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??

HUH? OH SURE --SURE! IT TAKES MORE THAN A WHIFF OF GAS TO PUT THE THING OUT FOR THE COUNT!

MY APOLOGIES, SIR! MY MEN MISTOOK YOU FOR THE HULK! THERE IS A NATIONAL ALARM OUT FOR HIM!

YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME YOU THOUGHT THAT BRAINLESS LUMP OF LARD WAS MEPPH OF ALL THE CRUMMY...!

BEN, DON'T! HE'S TRYING TO APOLOGIZE! PLEASE, BEN!

C-CAN YOU CONTROL HIM MA'AM? BETTER STAY BACK, MEN, TILL HE COOLS OFF!

AS IF BEIN' THE THING AIN'T BAD ENOUGH, NOW THOSE LAMEBRAINS ARE MISTAKIN' ME FOR THE HULK! BAH! C'MON, KID I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

AFTER LEAVING ALICIA, AND REACHING THE LOBBY OF THE BAXTER BUILDING.

DARN THE LUCK! I MUSTA DROPPED THE ELECTRONIC THINGAMAJIG THAT OPENS OUR SPECIAL ELEVATOR DOOR!

WELL, I AIN'T IN THE MOOD TO GO BACK AND LOOK FOR IT!

WE BEEN NEEDIN' A NEW DOOR, ANYWAY!

WITHOUT THE SPECIAL KEY, THE ELEVATOR WON'T COME DOWN TO THE STREET FLOOR! BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA STOP ME! IT'S ONLY ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE FLOORS TO THE TOP!

AND MINUTES LATER

WELL, WELL. HERE COMES LOVER-BOY! HOW WAS YOUR DATE WITH ALICIA, ROMEO?

KNOCK IT OFF, JOHNNY! THE THING DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S IN THE MOOD TO KID AROUND!

WHAT'S WRONG, BEN? CARE TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?

I'LL TELL YA WHAT HAPPENED! IT'S A LUCKY THING I DIDN'T SMASH A FEW HEADS TOGETHER!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

AND THAT'S IT! CAN YOU IMAGINE THOSE LUNKHEADS THINKIN' I WAS THE HULK?! NEXT THEY'LL BE MISTAKIN' ME FOR FRANKENSTEIN!

IT'S QUITE A COINCIDENCE, BEN! WE JUST HAD A CALL CONCERNING THE HULK!

YES! A GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS IS COMING TO SEE US ABOUT HIM!

OH YEAH?!! WELL I DON'T EVEN WANNA HEAR THAT NAME MENTIONED AGAIN! HECK NOW DO WE KNOW THERE EVEN IS A HULK?!! I NEVER SAW 'IM--AND NEITHER DID YOU!

BUT GENERAL ROSS CLAIMS HE DID!

THERE'S THE BUZZER! IT MUST BE THE GENERAL NOW! I'LL DE-ACTIVATE THE ENTRANCE LOCKS!

GLAD TO MEET YOU MY BOY! I'M GENERAL ROSS, AND THAT'S MY AIDE, CAPTAIN NELSON! WHERE CAN WE TALK IN PRIVATE?

I HAVE NO SECRETS FROM MY THREE ASSOCIATES GENERAL! WE CAN TALK FREELY RIGHT HERE

AHEM! HEARD WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE MR. EH-ANYTHING, I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN! YOU SEE, AN ALARM WAS GONE OUT TO CATCH THE HULK AT ALL COSTS AND THE ONE WAY TO RECOGNIZE HIM IS BY HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH!

SUPER HUMAN STRENGTH-- PHOOEY! I CAN PROBABLY MAKE MINCEMEAT OF IM!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT 2 PAGES

# The SWOTS and the BLOTS

ERK!
CRUNCH
UGH! THE THING'S PROBABLY CRAWLING WITH GERMS! I'LL PUT IT IN THE WASTE PAPER BASKET SO IT'LL GET TAKEN AWAY WITH THE RUBBISH!

COO! WHAT'S CYRIL DOING IN THERE? LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAVING FORTY WINKS, THE LAZY LITTLE DEVIL!
WHOOOSH!
HO! HO! CYRIL SWOT HAS SURE COPPED IT THIS TIME!

QUICK—TURN OVER THE PAGE →

HO! HO! THAT'S A A CATCHY TRICK!

SKEROWL!

AAOOH!

YOUR TURN NOW, BONZO! TAKE A NIFF OF THIS!

WHOOOOSH!

MOORAY! THOSE SMELLING SALTS REALLY CAUSE A STIR!

EEOW!

AABH!

WHAT NOW? HEH! HEH!

GRRR! I'LL HAVE IT NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND! I KNOW JUST THE USE FOR IT!

THIS SHOULD SORT THESE LITTLE HORRORS OUT, OR MY NAME'S NOT TEACH—I MEAN TEACHER!

? ? ?

EVIL PONG!

WHIRRR!

NEY!

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

CHEERIO, BLOTS! GOOD OLD SIR! THAT'S GOT RID OF THEM!

THAT SMELL KNOCKED THEM ALL OUT—OUT OF THE WINDOW! HEH! HEH!

AAGH!

GASP!

HELP!

EEK!

YIPPEE! WE'RE RID OF THEM AT LAST!

LEAP!

NOTHING LIKE SMELLING SALTS TO GET RID OF STINKERS! GOOD OLD TEACHER!

2167
2015
8120
1462
1001
2766

YIPPEE! WE CAN DO SOME REALLY HARD SUMS TODAY! WHAT FUN!

GRR! LET US IN!

SNARL!

NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR LESSONS IN PEACE! SNIGGER!

Blots absent at last.

WE'LL BE ABLE TO DO LOTS OF LOVELY WORK NOW— HOORAY!

YOU MAY GET YOUR CHANCE TO **PROVE** THOSE WORDS! HERE IS A PICTURE OF THE **HULK!**

WELL, HE SURE AIN'T NO BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER!

WHAT MAKES HIM NUMBER ONE ON YOUR HATE PARADE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

OUR MISSILE INSTALLATIONS IN THE DESERT HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED.. AND HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT!

AND WHERE DO **WE** COME IN?

I'VE COME TO ENLIST YOUR HELP! I WANT YOU TO FIND, AND DESTROY THE **HULK!**

THESE ARE THE MOST RECENT RECORDED MOVING PICTURES OF THE **HULK** HIMSELF! THEY WERE TAKEN BY AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA PLACED IN THE SIGHTING DEVICE OF A SPECIAL CANNON!

WELL, I GUESS WE'RE LOOKING AT PROOF POSITIVE THAT HE **DOES** EXIST!

AND THIS IS THE CANNON THREE SECONDS LATER AFTER THE **HULK** FINISHED HIS SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT! ONLY THE FILM CARTRIDGE REMAINED INTACT!

HOLD IT, SIR! **SUE!** WHERE **IS** SHE?

RIGHT HERE REED! FORGIVE ME! THE - THE SIGHT OF THAT MONSTER UNNERVED ME SO THAT I LOST CONTROL OF MY VISIBILITY POWER!

HE-HE WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING-LOOKING CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN!

HECK! SEEMS TO ME I OUGHTTA BE **INSULTED!** YOU'VE SEEN **ME**, HAVEN'T YOU?! WHAT AM I-- A PANTY-WAIST?!

"IF I EVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THAT OVERSIZED CREEP TO **GRAB** HIM, I'LL SHOW YA THAT YOU GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!"

"AFTER ALL, HE MAY BE A BIG, BRAINLESS, RAMPAGING **HULK**, BUT REMEMBER THIS, KIDDIES-- THERE'S ONLY ONE **THING!**"

I'VE GOT **NEWS** FOR YOU, GRUESOME! YOU PROBABLY WON'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO **GRAB** HIM! NOT WITH THE **HUMAN TORCH** AROUND, BUDDY BOY!

**FLAME ON!**

"NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES, OR WHAT HE DOES, I'LL ENCIRCLE HIM WITH MY FLAMING CYLINDER..."

"...AND THEN I'LL TRAP HIM IN A FIERY MAZE FROM WHICH HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!"

GLAD TO HEAR SUCH ENTHUSIASM, BOYS! BUT DON'T FORGET THAT MR FANTASTIC WILL BE THERE TOO! AND I'M NOT EXACTLY WITHOUT SUPER POWERS MYSELF!

"IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT THAT THE HULK ELUDES THE REST OF YOU THERE IS ONE STUNT I'VE BEEN WAITING TO TRY-- I WOULD FLATTEN MY BODY AGAINST THE CEILING OF A SPECIALLY-PREPARED ROOM, AND WAIT FOR HIM TO ENTER--"

"--AND WHEN HE DOES, THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!"

WHUMP!

LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL JUST BE GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE! I'M NOT SURE HOW I CAN HELP!

HARRUMPH! MISS STORM, A PRETTY YOUNG LADY CAN ALWAYS BE OF HELP JUST BY KEEPING THE MEN'S MORALE UP!

THAT'S JUST THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT SUE, GENERAL!

SUDDENLY--

LOOK OUT BELOW! I'M FALLING!

OH, JOHNNY-- YOU FORGOT THAT YOU MUSTN'T KEEP YOUR FLAME ON TOO LONG!

RELAX, RELAX! I GOT 'IM!

DON'T YOU THINK THE HUMAN TORCH MIGHT BE A LITTLE TOO YOUNG FOR SUCH A DANGEROUS MISSION, MR. FANTASTIC!

WHO, HIM? DON'T LET HIS AGE FOOL YOU, SIR! THAT FLAME OF HIS IS ONE OF OUR MOST POTENT WEAPONS --AS WELL AS HIS MECHANICAL SKILL! IN FACT, I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION!

YOU TELL 'IM, BIG DADDY!

JOHNNY HAS JUST FINISHED MODIFYING OUR FANTASTI-CAR! HERE -- I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION!

HMMM -- VERY IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING!

I STILL SAY THEY DON'T BUILD 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO!

A NUMBER OF OUR FANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY HAD WRITTEN TO US SAYING THE FANTASTI-CAR LOOKED TOO MUCH LIKE A FLYING BATHTUB. AND JOHNNY AGREED WITH THEM!

TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS THING --WHAT'S HER TOP SPEED? HER CRUISING RANGE?

TOP SPEED'S A SECRET, GENERAL-- BUT IT'S FASTER THAN YOU'D SUSPECT! AS FOR HER CRUISING RANGE, WE'VE EXTENDED IT TO BETTER THAN THREE THOUSAND MILES--ENOUGH TO TAKE US CLEAR ACROSS THE U.S.A.!

STOP YAKKIN' AND SHOW THE BRASS HOW ALL FOUR SECTIONS CAN DISENGAGE AND FLY SEPARATELY AND REMEMBER THAT WAS MY IDEA!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WHY DON'T WE USE THE FANTASTI-CAR NOW TO FLY TO THE MISSILE AREA? WE CAN TAKE YOU WITH US, GENERAL!

AND SO, A FEW HOURS LATER...

THOSE JET PROPS UNDER EACH SMALL WING REALLY HOLD THIS SHIP UP SMOOTHLY!

UH-OH! HERE'S SOMETHING YOU HADN'T COUNTED ON -- A RAIN STORM!

WE'VE PREPARED FOR THAT TOO, SIR! AT THE FLICK OF A BUTTON, THE WINDSHIELD ROLLS OVER AND FORMS A TRANSPARENT WATERPROOF AND BULLETPROOF SHIELD!

I'VE GOT TO TELL ARMY ORDNANCE ABOUT THIS!

LATER* AT A LARGE MISSILE BASE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THERE'S AN EXAMPLE OF THE HULK'S WORK! PROJECT 34, ANTI-GRAV MISSILE WRECKED!

BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THE HULK DID IT?

LOOK AT THAT TANGLED STEEL! NO ONE ELSE HAS THE STRENGTH TO DO THAT!

*EXACT FLYING TIME WITHHELD AT REQUEST OF REED RICHARDS!

IMMEDIATELY UPON LANDING, GENERAL ROSS CALLS A HIGH-LEVEL CONFERENCE.

GENTLEMEN THIS IS REED RICHARDS KNOWN AS MR FANTASTIC, REPRESENTING THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

I'M DR BRUCE BANNER, CIVILIAN SCIENTIFIC CHIEF AT THIS BASE! THIS IS MY ASSISTANT DR KARL KORT AND MY YOUNG HELPER RICK JONES.

HI!

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS, GENERAL! HOW DOES THE FANTASTIC FOUR PROPOSE TO CATCH THE HULK?

THAT'S THE KIND OF TALK I LIKE! ACTION TALK! LET'S PLAN OUR CAMPAIGN!

BUT GENERAL, I STILL MAINTAIN THAT THE HULK IS NOT OUR MAN! ALL OUR MISSILE APPARATUS WAS DESTROYED FROM THE INSIDE OUT! I'M CONVINCED A RAMPAGING CREATURE LIKE THE HULK WOULD HAVE TORN THE DEVICES FROM THE OUTSIDE IN!

BANNER I'VE TOLD YOU OUR MISSION IS TO CATCH THE HULK! WE'LL LISTEN TO YOUR THEORIES AFTER HE'S PUT OUT OF ACTION! NOW YOU AND MR FANTASTIC START PUTTING YOUR HEADS TOGETHER!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH YOU, DR BANNER! I'VE LONG BEEN AN ADMIRER OF YOUR ATOMIC RESEARCH!

I'M HIGHLY FLATTERED THAT THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC BRAIN OF OUR TIME SHOULD SAY THAT TO ME!

WELL, YOU GENTLEMEN WON'T BE NEEDING ME FOR A WHILE! I'LL GET BACK TO MY WORK!

HEY, SHORTY, HOW MUCH LONGER THEY GONNA KEEP US COOLIN' OUR HEELS OUT HERE?

GASP! WHA- WHAT ARE YOU??!

S'MATTER--? AIN'T YOU NEVER SEEN A THING BEFORE??

I'M GETTIN' FED UP WITH GUYS DOIN' DOUBLE-TAKES EVERY TIME THEY SEE ME!

LOOK AT 'IM GO! I THINK YOU SCARED THE POOR GUY OUTTA A YEAR'S GROWTH THING!

AND HE CAN'T SPARE IT!

HEY! HE DROPPED HIS WALLET!

RELAX, BIG FELLA! I'LL GET IT FOR HIM!

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY THIS FLAMING LASSO TRICK SINCE I DREAMED IT UP!

NOT BAD EH? AND I DIDN'T EVEN SINGE THE LEATHER!

I AIN'T IN THE MOOD FOR TRICKS! THEY CAN'T KEEP ME WAITIN' OUT HERE ANY LONGER!

OKAY, SOLDIER BOYS! READY OR NOT HERE I COME!

THING! DON'T! IT'S A PRIVATE MEETING!

EASY WITH THAT GUN, SARGE WE'RE ON YOUR TEAM

THING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES?!!

WHAT **WILL** HAPPEN WHEN THE ***THING*** AND THE ***HULK*** CLASH? ONE THING IS CERTAIN. THE **REAL** WINNER WILL BE YOU, DEAR READER. FOR YOU'LL BE TREATED TO THE MOST TITANIC TUSSLE YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

# Write to SMASH— and *LOOK* a SMASHER in...

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

# A HULK SWEATSHIRT!

**Don't forget—all the readers who have had letters published on this page will be receiving HULK sweatshirts. So if you're out one day and see the HULK coming towards you on someone's chest, don't run. It'll be a reader of SMASH!**

**You asked for it—and so we're giving it to you! You asked us to feature the Fantastic Four regularly—and this is what we're going to do. But although they're guest-starring with The Hulk in this and next week's issue we couldn't fit them into SMASH for keeps because we didn't have the space (old HULK is such a big feller—he takes up so much room!)**

***But fear not, all you F.F. fans. Because from now on the Fantastic Four will be appearing regularly each week in WHAM! This very week they're in WHAM, tackling THE MOLEMAN—the hideous creature from the centre of the earth.***

**So if you want to read more about Mr. Fantastic, The Invisible Girl, The Human Torch and The Thing, just say "WHAM!" to your newsagent.**

Dear SMASH,

I have a serious complaint to make. In SMASH No. 21 Rollo Stones of The Legend Testers killed the werewolf by cracking its skull with an iron bar. I have read many horror books and have found that a werewolf can only be killed by being shot by a silver bullet. Explanation please!

Michael Stephens,
Cheltenham, Glos.

*You may be right Michael But Rollo and Danny certainly left the werewolf for dead when they returned to their own time.*

Dear Smash,

I think the Swals and the Blots are the best. They are the funniest. But why are you putting the Swats winning all the time? I think it's not fair. Please put the Blots winning next week.

Stephen Follist,
Chandlers Ford, Hants.

*We've had a word with the Blots Stephen, and they've promised to try harder. We're glad we're not Swats!*

Dear Smash,

I have been reading your comic for quite a bit now and I like the Hulk and Grimly Feendish. But could you make a page on secret agent things? A title like Secret Agent Man and gadgets.

Ian Thackeray
Nr Ipswich, Suffolk.

*You mean like The Man from Bungle, eh, Ian? Well, we've got plans for our Bungle Agent that may be just what you're asking for.*

*Alf and Cot.*

Dear Alf and Cot,

I get SMASH every week. I read it every week and I wish it had more costumed heroes in it like Superman, Hawkman, Thor, X-men, Fantastic Four etc.

Michael Watt
Ashford, Middx.

*Give us time Michael. If you read our message at the start of this page you'll see that we're already put the Fantastic Four into HULK! So that's a start.*

Dear Alf and Cot,

I'm writing to point out a mistake in the Batman episode in SMASH No. 21. I refer to the last panel where Batman is signing an autograph with his right hand. As I have been reading and collecting Batman Comics for 7 years, I feel it only right to point out that Batman signs all autographs with his left hand, so eluding any possible connection between his handwriting and that of his alter ego Bruce Wayne. Could you please tell me if the adventures you are serialising are the ones that are syndicated in American Newspapers. S[illegible]t's great to see old Bat-head getting some recognition in Britain at last.

Richard Burton,
Egham, Surrey.

*Yes, Richard, the Batman adventures we are publishing were serialised in American Newspapers. Incidentally, the reason why Batman was writing with his right hand was because he had signed so many autograph books that he got writer's cramp in his left.*

* * * *

**Last week we promised to let you have the code sent in by readers Alan Thetfield and David Lewis to help you decode their message. Here it is.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A 6 | B = 11 | C 14 |
| D 4 | E = [illegible] | F = 2 |
| G 1 | H [illegible] | I 7 |
| J 3 | K = 23 | L 5 |
| M 9 | N 10 | O 12 |
| P 15 | Q -13 | R = 16 |
| S 19 | T = 17 | U = 20 |
| V 25 | W = 24 | X = 22 |
| Y = 21 | Z = 26 | |

***And now we have an urgent message for you, Alan and David! S.O.S. Unable to decode your message even with the aid of the key. Please write and let us know how code should be used.***

***Alf and Cot.***

# DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

HALLO — WHAT'S THIS?

OUF!

CRUNCH!

EH?

POW!

OOSH!

BLAM!

THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM!

SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT DANGER MOUSE! HE ALWAYS LICKS US!

AND I ALWAYS WILL LICK YOU CATS!

OH YEAH? WELL I KNOW HOW TO LICK YOU, DANGER MOUSE!

BATMAN

PBWT

AND SO.

ME — BATCAT — WILL PULVERISE THAT MANGY MOUSE!

TAKE THAT!

POW!

EEK!

VAROOMM!

HOORAY FOR BATCAT!

JIM'S GYM

AH! JUST THE PLACE TO DO SOME TRAINING! I'VE GOT TO LICK BATCAT!

SOCK!

SOCK!

I'M READY FOR ANY OLD BATCAT NOW!

JIM'S GYM

TAKE THAT!

ZWACK!

CHEERS! DANGER MOUSE'S NO MATCH FOR BATCAT!

OOPS! SORRY ROBIN!

CRUNCH!

EEK!

HEH! HEH! TWO KNOCK-OUTS WITH ONE PUNCH! I'M THE GREATEST!

BLAM!

WELL, DANGER MOUSE WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

RIGHT, ROBIN — LET'S GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO!

KERPOWW!

ONE —

VAROOMM!

TWO!

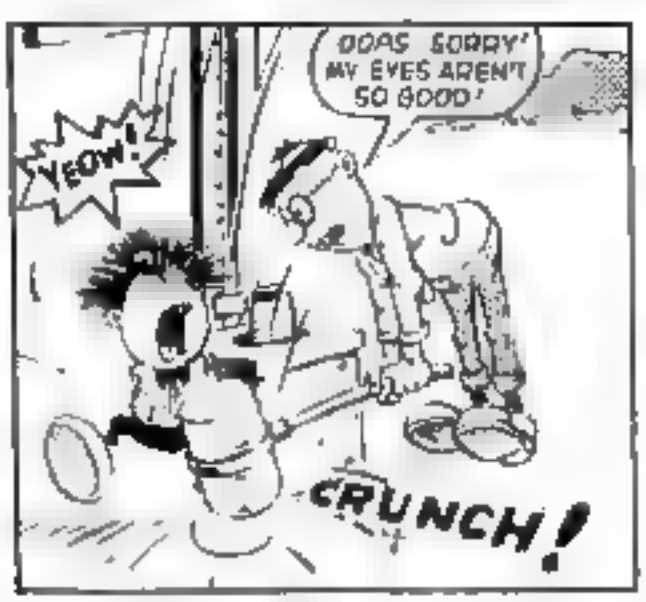
AAAGH!

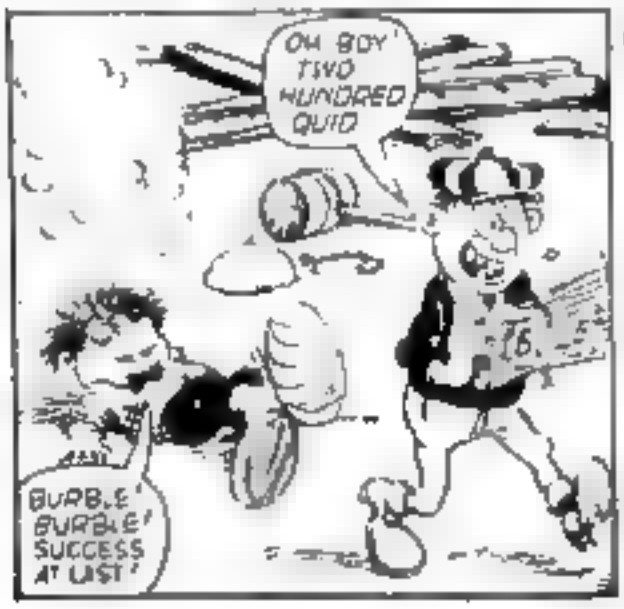
BEEP! BEEP!

ROBIN USUALLY HELPS BATMAN IN A PUNCH UP — BUT THIS TIME ROBIN'S HELPED *ME!*

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

# RONNIE RICH





SEVERAL DAYS LATER.
OH, SO MUMS RECEIVED A THOUSAND POUNDS INJURY INSURANCE FOR ME FROM A POLICY SHE HAD BOUGHT!
PAYUP POLICIES COMPANY LTD
£1,000 AMOUNT PAYABLE

# MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

# TUFFY McGREW

HERE'S HALF-A-CROWN, TUFFY. NIP DOWN TO THE CORNER AND BUY ME AN EVENING PAPER!

ALL RIGHT DAD!

AND YOU'LL GET A GOOD HIDING IF YOU LOSE THAT MONEY!

OOER! NOW I'M IN DEAD TROUBLE!

PLINK!

I MUST HURRY UP AND FIND THAT HALF CROWN!

CREAK!

I CAN'T SEE IT ANYWHERE!

IT MUST BE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!

VERY STRONG IDEA!

I'LL LIFT UP THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE I'M BOUND TO FIND IT THEN!

HEAVE!

YAAAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHAT WAS THAT THUMPING NOISE?

THUMP!

WHO CARES WHAT THAT THUMP WAS— I'VE FOUND THE HALF-CROWN!

CRASH!

SMASH!

WALLOP!

TINKLE!

GIBBER! GIBBER! GIBBER! I CARE WHAT THAT THUMP WAS— IT WAS ME!

I LOST YOUR HALF-CROWN, DAD BUT I'VE FOUND IT NOW!

CRASH!

GRRR! I'LL GIVE YOU A RIGHT CROWNING WHEN I CATCH YOU AND IT WON'T BE HALF-A-CROWN!

WHAT DID I DO WRONG · I SAVED HIS MONEY, DIDN'T I?

YEAH – AND COST HIM £100 IN HOUSE-REPAIRS AT THE SAME TIME!

# MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

* * * * *

A strange envelope arrived on my desk the other day. It was marked 'Night Scented Mongolian Moth'. That's not something I've always wanted, but I thought Percy had decided to send me one of his pets.

Jeff, my chief experimental assistant (who knows even more than I do), dashed out to buy it some food and arrived back with a box of mouth balls. So, armed with this welcoming lunch, we carefully followed the instructions on the envelope which said "Pull here—with care."

I won't tell you what happened—but what happened sure gave us a shock! Anyway, thanks to Carol and John Hammond of Reading, here's how you can give plenty of other victims the same shock . . .

You'll need a stout foolscap envelope, opened at its narrow end and Sellotaped as my drawings show at the edges. This will contain your Moth, which is made up from a piece of stout card narrower and slightly longer than the envelope and a ring of stiff wire.

Put the moth together as the drawing shows, wind the elastic up tight and slip it into the envelope . . .

Now it's all ready to buzz like mad when the end is pulled from the envelope. Believe me, most people will think there's a real man-eating moth buzzing and flapping inside before they completely pull out the card and reveal the trick.

## 10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

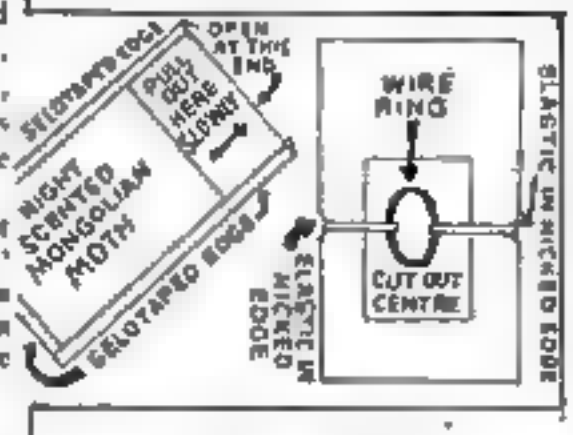
My favourite feature in SMASH! is.

.....

The feature I don't like is.

.....

To, Mr Knowall, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, WC2




## *Secret signals*

Ever thought what fun it would be to know the morse code? Get the gang to learn it together, you'll be surprised how fast you'll memorize it.

Then you'll be able to pass secret messages to each other in dozens of different ways. By touching hands for example, with a long press of the finger for a dash, a short press for a dot. For long distances you could use mirrors to reflect the sun in dots and dashes as soldiers used to do before radio was invented. Bet you Knowalls will think of a dozen other ways—so it's over to you. Okay?

A·– B–··· C–·–· D–·· E· F··–· G––· H···· I·· J·––– K–·–
L·–·· M–– N–· O––– P·––· Q––·– R·–· S··· T– U··– V···–
W·–– X–··– Y–·–– Z––··

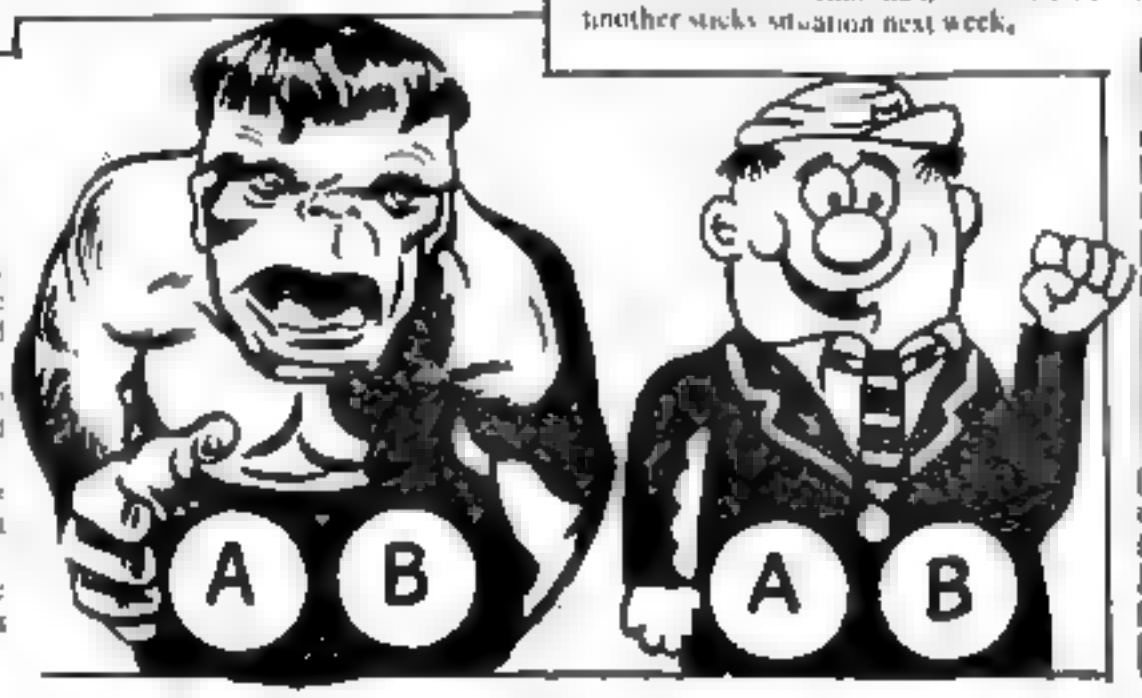
## DANCING SMASHERS

I've had so many letters asking for more Smash characters for you to make dancing puppets, that I've had to find space for a couple more.

For new readers, you paste the drawings onto stiff card, cut them out and colour them.

The two holes A and B are for your first two fingers to go through and act as legs.

Other Knowalls are finding that the antics they perform with them are always good for a giggle.




## CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Doctor Doom has thrown B.U.N.G.L.E. into a swamp that is sucking him down at two feet (two knees, in feet at two of everything) a minute. Help is coming, but by the time it arrives, our hero will have completely disappeared.

Can you see how he can keep himself alive? Remember, he has only desperate seconds in which to act. All the clues are shown. If you give up, you'll find the answer below.

### SILENT SOUNDS

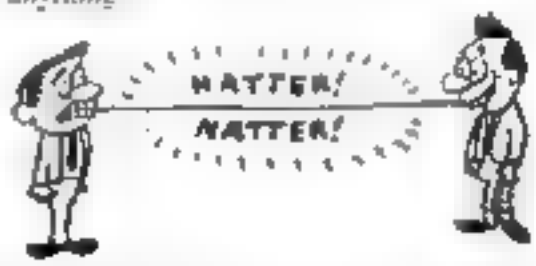
You'll need a couple of mates to help you demonstrate this trick. Get one of them to clamp his hands over your ears so that it is impossible for you to hear anything your other mate is saying.

But now clamp a stick between your teeth and tell your mate to talk into a bowl or basin.

Touch the bowl he is talking into with the stick between your teeth, and you'll hear every word he is saying. S'true, Knowalls!

And here's a way two of you can actually carry on a conversation although you can't hear a word.

Get a loop length of string and each of you grip an end in his mouth. Pull the string tight, and talk. You can even go into different rooms if you keep the string really taut and avoid it touching anything.




## DID YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Bungle snaps off one of the stout, hollow reeds growing around him. Holding this in his mouth as he sinks below the surface, he is able to breathe and show his exact position to the rescue party. Phew! What a sucker! Still, he'll be back in another sticky situation next week.

## ON TARGET!

Make a ring of thin paper and place it over the neck of a fairly wide bottle. Place a coin on top of the paper ring, and, handing your mates a pencil, challenge them to get the coin into the bottle—*using only the pencil!*

When they give up, you sharply tap the inside of the paper circle with your pencil and the coin will drop straight down into the bottle!

## KNOWALL'S TIP OF THE WEEK!

Okay, so I'm a bighead! But I've never missed a copy of SMASH yet. Know why? It's easy . . . I just asked my newsagent to save my copy, and he does!

You can do the same, or, better still, just fill in the coupon below and hand it to him. He'll be pleased to see that you, too, get your SMASH EVERY WEEK!

**MAKE SURE OF SMASH!**
Fill in this coupon and take it to your newsagent.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Signature of Parent or Guardian .....

*Delete as necessary

# GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

HEH! HEH! MY MASTER PLAN FOR ROBBING AN ARMOURED VAN CARRYING £500,000 IS READY! IT'LL BE A WORLD RECORD SNATCH!

CLEVER OL' MISTER FEENDISH!

I'LL LAY THIS TAYLOR'S DUMMY IN THE ROAD. THE VAN CREW WILL THINK IT'S A MAN WHO'S HAD A ACCIDENT, AND THEY'LL STOP TO HELP HIM!

— THEN I'LL CLOBBER THEM!

BUT IT'S GRIMLY WHO GETS CLOBBERED!

BOING!

AAGH!

STOP, THIEF!

SHUT UP YOU YOU STUPID SQUELCH —IT'S HER DUMMY!

I'LL HAVE MY DUMMY BACK NOW!

GURR!

COO! LOOK WHERE OLD GRIMLY'S LANDED. WE DON'T *NEED* A TAYLOR'S DUMMY NOW. HE'LL DO NICELY!

SECURIVAN

OOH! LOOK AT THAT POOR CHAP!

SCREECH!

TITTER!

GOTTEM! HAR! HAR!

GLURK!

EH, WHAT? OH — GOOD OLD SQUELCH!

I'LL HOLD 'EM WITH MY TENTACLES WHILE YOU BLOW THE VAN'S DOOR OFF MISTER FEENDISH!

STAND BY FOR BLASTING!

FIZZ!

BLAM!

HAR! HAR! THEY USED TOO MUCH EXPLOSIVE — AND THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR'S *FLATTENED* THEM!

HELP! I CAN'T MOVE!

RASP!

GASP!

OOF!

GRAB!

YOU AND YOUR MATE PULL THIS DOOR OFF US — OR I'LL TWIST YOUR NOSE INTO *KNOTS*!

CRAFTY OL' SQUELCHY!

CRUMBS! WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GRAB THE MONEY!

PHEEP!

HERE COME THE COPS!

HEY! YOU'VE STOOD ON MY TOY ARMOURED CAR, YOU FAT LUMP!

PUFF! PUFF!

AAAGH!

ZOOM!

GRIMLY ARRIVES HOME IN A HURRY!

BAM!

OUF!

WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO ROB AN ARMOURED VAN, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MEANT A *TOY* ONE!

DAZE!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

# THE LEGEND TESTERS

GRRAGH!

DANNY! DUCK BEHIND THE MACHINE!

ETERNO, THE MAN WHO SAID HE WOULD LIVE FOR EVER, IS DEAD! ALL THAT REMAINS IS HIS EVIL MACHINE, HIS ROBOTS AND APE-GIANT AND APE-GIANT HAS TAKEN A GIANT-SIZED DISLIKE TO THE LEGEND TESTERS — ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS!

FOR A MOMENT, THE MONSTROUS APE IS SLOW TO FOLLOW

IT'S JUST US AGAINST APE-GIANT, ROLLO ETERNO'S ROBOTS CAN'T HELP US

I WONDER? ETERNO CONTROLLED THEM WITH HIS VOICE ALONE. MAYBE THEY'LL ACCEPT INSTRUCTIONS FROM ME.

IN THE TERRIBLE GRIP OF APE-GIANT, ROLLO FEELS THE LIFE BEING SLOWLY CRUSHED FROM HIS HELPLESS BODY

APE-GIANT IS JUST TOYING WITH ME LIKE A CAT PLAYING WITH A MOUSE! HE HASN'T BEGUN TO SQUEEZE YET — BUT HE DOESN'T REALISE MY STRENGTH! I—I CAN'T HOLD ON!

GRRRRR!

THEN THE BEAST IS UPON THEM

UH!

ROBOTS! LISTEN TO ME! CAPTURE APE GIANT! MAKE HIM A PRISONER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

FOR A LONG LONG SECOND THE SQUAT AND UGLY ROBOTS REMAIN MOTIONLESS. BUT WHEN HE MADE THEM, ETERNO FASHIONED THEM TO RESPOND UNHESITATINGLY TO THE HUMAN VOICE

MINDLESS CREATURES THAT THEY ARE THEY MUST OBEY!

SHRINKING AWAY FROM THE ROBOTS POWER STICKS APE-GIANT OPENS HIS GREAT HAND

BUT JUST AS ROLLO FEELS HIMSELF SINKING DOWN, DOWN INTO THE NO RETURN OF ETERNAL DARKNESS, APE GIANT'S LOW GROWL BECOMES A SHRIEK OF AGONY!

OOOO-AAAAARGH!

TAKE APE-GIANT TO ETERNO'S SPACE-SHIP! MAKE HIM A PRISONER THERE!

IT'S WORKING, ROLLO! THEY'RE DOING EXACTLY AS YOU TOLD THEM TO! WE'RE SAFE!

BUT OUR PROBLEMS AREN'T OVER YET. THERE ARE THE "PEOPLE" ROBOTS...THIS EVIL MACHINE... WE JUST CAN'T LEAVE IT ALL.

HERE COME THE "WORKER" ROBOTS. I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO DO.

YOU WILL DISMANTLE THE MACHINE, THEN YOU WILL TAKE IT, AND ALL THE "PEOPLE" ROBOTS INTO THE SPACE-SHIP AND START THE MOTORS!

WITH FANTASTIC SPEED, SOME OF THE WORKER ROBOTS DISMANTLE THE MACHINE, WHILE OTHERS LEAD THE "PEOPLE" ROBOTS FROM THE PALACE.

THEY'RE ALL INSIDE THE SPACE-SHIP, BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

THEN, AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY, THE MASSIVE... CRAFT RISES FROM THE GROUND WITH AGONISING SLOWNESS...

THERE SHE GOES!

AND SO, WITH EVER-GROWING SPEED, THE GREAT SHIP SOARS INTO THE HEAVENS WITH ITS CARGO OF ROBOTS, NOW HELPLESS WITHOUT A HUMAN VOICE TO GUIDE THEM, DOOMED TO HURTLE FOREVER THROUGH THE LIMITLESS GALAXIES OF SPACE.

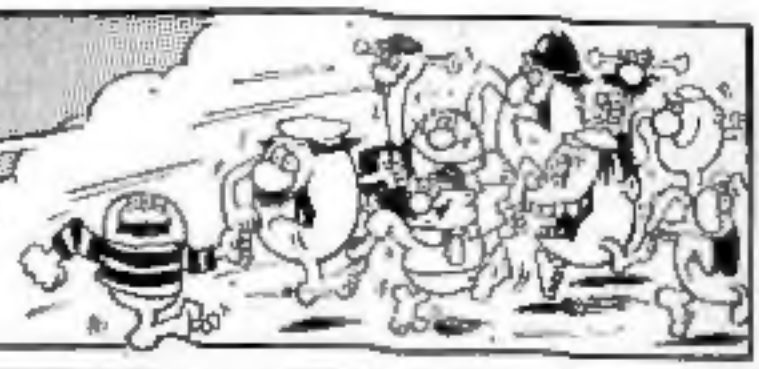
ROLLO AND DANNY WATCH UNTIL THE SPEEDING SHIP IS LESS THAN A SPECK IN THE SKY... AND THEN THE SCENE AROUND THEM SUDDENLY TREMBLES AND DISSOLVES.

FORWARD THROUGH THE YEARS THEY RACE... ON TO THE FORTIETH CENTURY...

1966 A.D.
2000 A.D.
2350 A.D.
2700 A.D.
3500 A.D.
4000 A.D.

...ON TO WHATEVER NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS THEM!

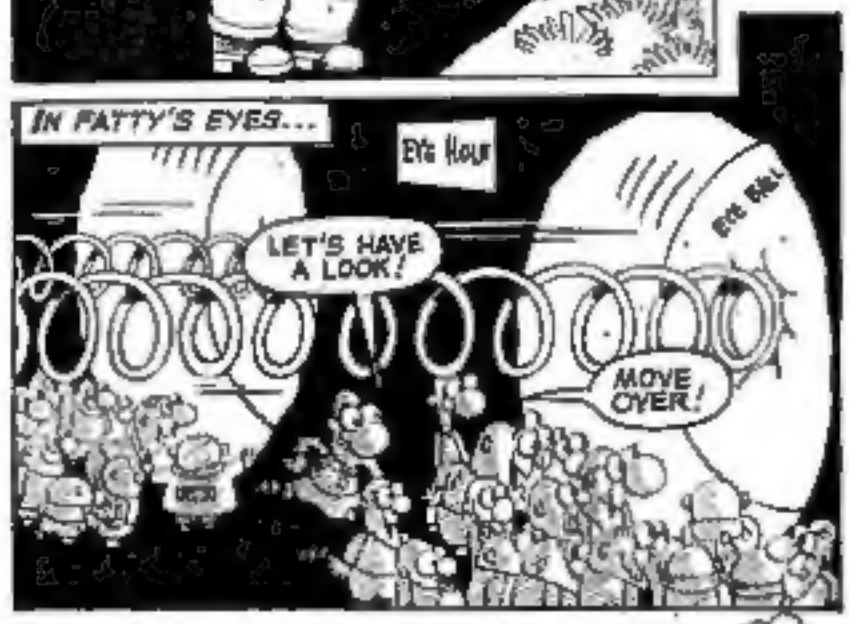
# THE NERVS



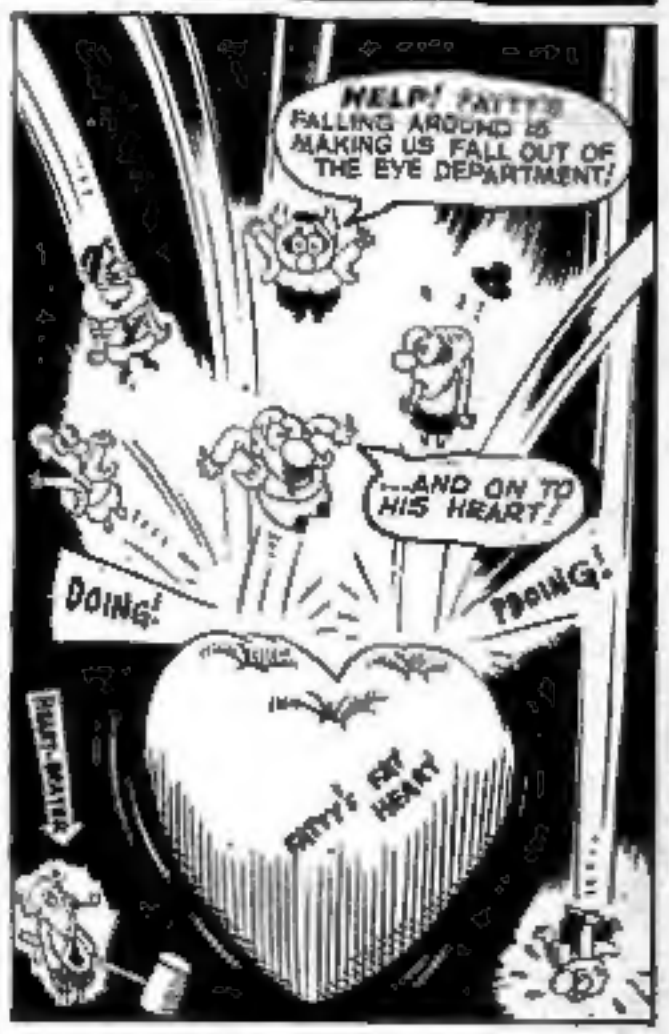
TRA-LA-LA! IT'S A LOVELY DAY FOR PICKING FLOWERS!

WOWEE! WHAT A FAB SIGHT!

M'MMM, A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!


IN FATTY'S EYES...
EYE HOUR
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
MOVE OVER!

I'M IN LOVE! I'M IN LOVE!

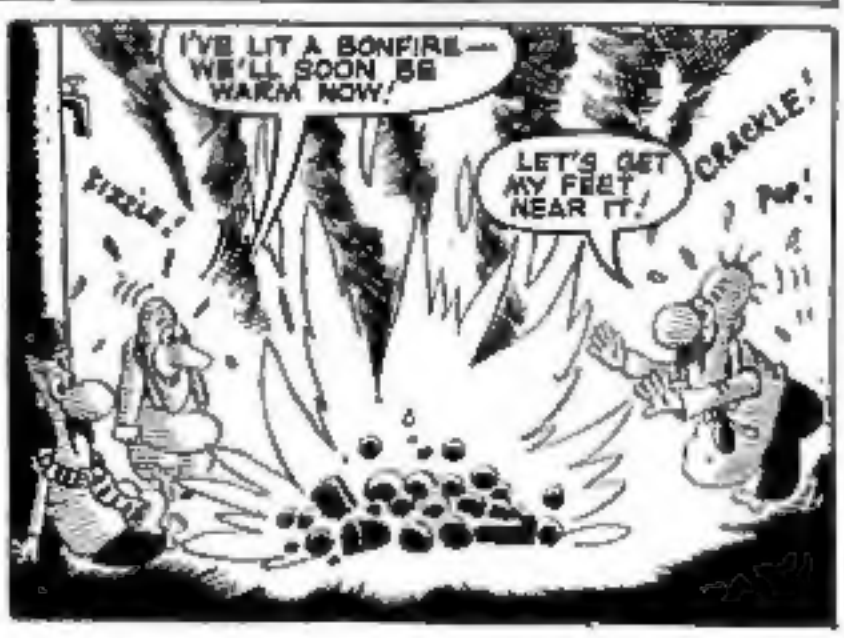

HELP! FATTY'S FALLING AROUND IS MAKING US FALL OUT OF THE EYE DEPARTMENT!
...AND ON TO HIS HEART!
DOING!
DOING!
BLOOD WATER
PUMP! PUMP! FAT HEART

OOH! ALL THIS LOVE IS MAKING MY HEART POUND!

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN FATTY'S STOMACH...
IT'S JOLLY COLD IN HERE!
I'M FREEZING! BRR!

NOW MY TEMPERATURE'S RISING! I MUST BE IN LOVE!

I MUST GO AND SPEAK TO THAT BIRD!


I'VE LIT A BONFIRE— WE'LL SOON BE WARM NOW!
LET'S GET MY FEET NEAR IT!
FIZZLE!
CRACKLE!
POP!

GOOD MORNING, GORGEOUS. MY NAME'S FATTY. PLEASE ACCEPT THESE FLOWERS.

YOU CAN KEEP YER DOPEY FLOWERS!

ERK!

SPLAT!

THROAT

STEEP HILL

OUCH! WHAT'S THE FOOL EATING NOW?

HE'S CLUTTERING UP MY LOVELY CLEAN THROAT WITH FLOWERS!

I NEVER SPEAK TO STRANGE MEN! TAKE THAT!

SMASH!

OUCH!

EYE DEPT

TEAR DUCT

ODER! WHAT'S GOING ON?

CRUNCH!

LOOK OUT! I'VE BURST THE TEAR DUCT!

BOO! HOO! SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME! SOB!

WE'LL TEACH THAT FATTY A LESSON FOR KNOCKING US ABOUT!

BRAIN BAY

BASH!

BRAIN CHILD

WE'LL BASH THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD!

OWW! NOW MY HEAD'S POUNDING...

PAH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS LOVE NONSENSE.

EYE HOLE

EYE-BALL

LET'S HOPE WE HAVE A NICE QUIET DAY NOW.

I'VE GOT HIS EYEBALLS SCREWED BACK IN—SO NOW WE CAN RELAX!

OOH! WHO'S THAT?

WHAT A SMASHING SIGHT!

OH, NO!!! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

EYE-BALL

PYOINNG!

# QUEEN OF THE SEAS

QUEENIE HAS BEEN LAUNCHED AT A COCKLE-SHELL DOCKYARD, AND HER CAPTAIN AND BOSUN DISCOVER A STRANGE TICKING MACHINE ON BOARD...

WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW—BUT GET ME AWAY FROM IT—QUICK!

PARP!

WINK!

BUT SIX WEEKS LATER...

IT HASN'T EXPLODED YET, CAP'N—WHAT DO YOU RECKON IT IS?

DON'T ASK ME, MATE—I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING...

TICK-TOCK! PARP! CLICK!

...STICKING A SIXPENCE IN IT TO SEE IF IT WOULD PLAY A RECORD—AND ALL IT WOULD DO WAS BELCH...!

BELCH!

CLICK!

PARP!

TICK-TOCK!

...THEN I PUT A CUP IN FRONT OF IT TO SEE IF IT SQUIRTED OUT COFFEE—AND IT JUST BUZZED AT ME!

BUZZ!

SO I THOUGHT IT MUST BE A FRUIT MACHINE, AND PULLED ONE OF ITS LEVERS! BUT I DIDN'T EVEN GET THE JACKPOT!

AND IT'S NO WASHING MACHINE! LOOK WHAT IT DID TO MY SHIRT!

HEY! HOW ABOUT IT MILKING A COW?

SHUT UP! HOW CAN IT BE A MILKING MACHINE? THEY DON'T HAVE COWS AT SEA!

NO! IT'S OBVIOUSLY A THING FROM OUTER SPACE! AND I WILL TALK TO IT!

AHEM! AS HEAD EARTHLING, I DEMAND TO TALK TO YOUR LEADER!

BUZZ!

?

CLICK!

PARP!

BRING HIM TO ME IMMEDIATELY!

BUZZ!

MEANWHILE, A THREE-MILLION-POUND ATOM-POWERED AIRSHIP FLOATS GENTLY OVER-HEAD ON ITS MAIDEN VOYAGE...

IN THE CONTROL CABIN STANDS PRESIDENT CORTEZ—PRESIDENT OF THE STATE OF SANFAIREE...

REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE UPON US!

AAAGH! IT'S GONE MAD! CALL IT OFF!! QUICK!

CLOBBER

DOIN'NG

CLATTER

CLASH!

CLANG! CLANG!

BY THE WAY IT TRIED TO MAKE MINCEMEAT OF ME, I'D SAY IT WAS A MARTIAN SAUSAGE MACHINE!

ACHE!

THROB!

A-1 — PRESIDENT CORTEZ — SANFAIREE

...EEF WE CAN PROVE THAT THE AGE OF THE AIRSHIP IS NOT PAST—OUR COUNTRY WILL GROW RICH ON ORDERS FOR NEW AIRSHIPS!

ERK! THE WHEEL! IT'S TURNING BY ITSELF!

BUZZ-Z-Z-Z-

PEEP!

FLASH!

FLASH!!

CLANK!

CLICK!

TICK-TOCK-TOCK!

CRACK!

A-1 — PRESIDENT CORTEZ

AAGH! CARAMBA! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

STREUTH! CAPTAIN—THERE'S A DIRTY GREAT SAUSAGE SWOOPING DOWN AT US!

CRASH DIVE!

NEXT WEEK, THE AIRSHIP BECOMES A SUBMARINE—AND SO DOES QUEENIE!